No Hearing Or Sight

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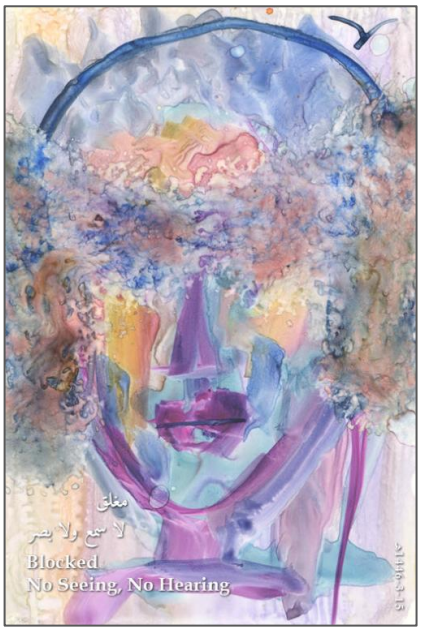

In the daylight,
Your eyes do not distinguish me among others
I was your canvas
I was your painting
She painted me in sadness
Unfortunately, the canvas was my real life
Her colors were my tears

Wherever you are. The only existing is your shouts
And thrown things the whole day and night
Wall hits are still echoing in my ears
The scenes are repetitive in my eyes
My soul carries your pains

I told you, but you did not listen
I showed you many. You did not care

Your ears were (cottoned)
Your eyes were covered
My constant whine is far from your ears
While I am near. I wanted you to be nearer,
You preferred to be far

How can you hear my heart's pulse ?!
How can you touch what I feel !
I was not in your daily schedule ?!
I had been treated as chair

Your eyes are shut; how could you see my face ?!
My impressions can be seen by the blind
My sadness can be heard by the deaf
My suffering can be touched without hands
I was burning
You saw it, still you are cold ?!
You were the ice that never melt

Aren't you a human ?
Behind your ribs, was there a heart ?!
Are you without sense ?!
Rock ?! even the rock breaks.
Some rocks spring water within

My tears are your smiles

My hurts are your loud guffaws

In your dictionary: Love is the revenge

Always, the comparison (er) is your habit

Better

Greater

Stronger

Faster

Er, er, and er in all your comparisons

This is why:

You and I will not meet !

Competition and to be the first were not

of my habits.

I live alone, quiet and silent. I hate to be known

I chose you to ease my life

To ease your life too

Together we sweet our lives

You became the noise during the day

The annoy of long arguments at night

Why did I remove the chair from the entrance !

I became using the back door to get into

In the weekend morning, she drank the glass of tea milk
With a aluminum spoon for thirty minutes;
The clinking sounds woke me up at five in the morning.
Every weekend, the spoon clinks !.

Your continuous existing in my next morning
is a pain
Please stop

I want to live without noise
Stop yelling
I want to remove you of my brain
I want to erase you from my memories
When I woke up,
I did not want to hear your voice again
You are a pain

Yesterday, you were here
Tomorrow, you will be on the entrance chair
You are the thorns on my way
You are the misery of my day

Please be away of my way
I want to go
What I do ?!

I went to the books room, sat alone; seeking quietness
My head was between my arms. My elbows on my knees
The only alternative was to leave
I had the feeling, even the walls wanted to leave
Their cracks were increasing as it was happening in
my soul. Scattered and holes

At the beginning of green shining spring after a heavy
snow winter. I was refreshed as the spring was.
She came with covered painting to hang it on the
wall. I thought it was flowers or trees.
Something good to see

She removed the cover and turned the paining towards me
It was a photo of Kim Jong Un. Northern Korea president.
I fell down like autumn leaves. Dry, depressed and pallid.

She says: " He is my example "
I was shocked
I became certain: she is sick !

Kim Jong Un ?!.
Thunder, storm, and earthquake erupted inside me
The lava was crawling beneath my skin
Despite, my surface was calm, like the see surface in
summer without wind or air, my face was red

I let it pass

The pretty patience is without complaint

I will redirect my face not to see the hanging

Later, I thought to put a painting of flower

next to that hanging photo

After two days, I saw the flower painting in the trash

below the photo. Definitely, nothing grow next to him

except missiles. This is why, I always under attack

I made the decision after nine years:
The only choice was left:

To escape, no more I can face
I exceeded the limit of patience

I was saying to myself, she will change

Did she ? She did not !

I am the one who needs to change

Next morning, I left the house. I wrote a note:

" The house will be yours,

Myself, it will be mine,

Not yours.

I left

Goodbye

Take care of yourself "

I locked the door , I looked at the horizon

What a beautiful sunrise !

The day after, the sunset was different

With no regret, I never returned

I hate people's systems.

It gets my nerve when my rights are taken by

Missing commands in a programmed system !

" I know you're right, sorry I can not do anything;

This is the system"

Why am I the victim of your stupid system ?!

Where to go ?!

All the world is Northern Korea, less or more !.

Take me to the sea; I want to breathe. Your freedom could be one of the jails !.

While I am in the row waiting for my turn.

I was questioning the universe's edges with wonder

Where are they expanding ?

I asked my body systems: How do you coordinate ?!

I talked myself with denial:

Monkeyism (Banana Bang) and Big Bang !

Systems do not come from mess. Mess produces mess.

Rejecting the truth is something, and admit it is something

else. Might a person reject it in public. But in private he accepts it. There are organizations specialized in creating mess based on " Chaos Theory " or " Chaos Creative " at countries level to individuals level. I meant: Even the produced mess intentionally, needs organization. In contrast, how could the organized sophisticated synchronized systems are produced by mess ?!.

Do you want me to believe the universe, living creatures and inanimate objects all come from mess ?!.
I must respect my mind and my thinking.

My thinking was cut by the employee the one I gave him my order slip

He says: Sorry; system is hanged
Last time he said: Sorry, system error
This time, he said: Sorry; we will raise your request to the programmer.
I asked him: please try again ?

Sorry, I can not do anything; this is the system.

I left without return

Please be away of my way

Where to go ?!

All the world is Northern Korea, less or more !.

The universe is expanding

Why did they shrink it in my soul ?!

Why did they press my ribs ?!

They made my chest narrow,

after it was wide. You can hear its sound

like the creaking iron

I wish you realized that woman in the beginning

is a symbol of a system. The woman is one of the

sources of partnership, happiness and warmth.

If she became a source of misery, a man will lose

the belonging and the feeling of loneliness increases.

Noise is still echoing in my ears

The painful scenes are repetitive in my eyes

Take care